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PANCAKE
BROWNIES

BY ELOISE BYINGTON





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M.
JONES

*The
Pancake Brownies*



THERE

IS



GRANDPA



GRANDMA



MOTHER DEAR -
AND FATHER
THIN AND
TALL.

UNCLES, AUNTS AND COUSINS TOO

I'M SURE YOU'LL LOVE THEM ALL.

THE BROWNIE TWINS



THE DOG - THE CAT

THE BABY - FAT AND



ROUND



THEY ARE THE JOLLIEST LITTLE FOLK

THAT EVER COULD BE FOUND.

—THE—
**PANCAKE
BROWNIES**

Twelve stories in rhyme by
ELOISE BYINGTON
*Author of Doll Land Stories
and other stories in rhyme*

Illustrations by
- MARGUERITE JONES -



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THE PANCAKE BROWNIES

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"JUST RIGHT BOOK"

Made in the U. S. A.

SEP -7 1928



THE BROWNIE PEOPLE OF PANCAKE TOWN
ARE JOLLY LITTLE FOLKS
YOU HARDLY EVER SEE THEM FROWN
AND HARMLESS ARE THEIR JOKES
FOR GRANDPA BROWNIE YEARS AGO
LEARNED T'IS NO USE TO SIGH
OR GRUMBLE OVER EACH HARD TASK
JUST GO AHEAD AND TRY
SO HE - AND GRANDMA BROWNIE TOO
ARE MERRY, PLUMP AND GAY
THO BRINGING UP THEIR FAMILY LARGE
HAS BEEN SOME TASK - YOU'LL SAY
BUT NOW THEY LIVE IN HAPPINESS
IN COZY PANCAKE TOWN
AND ALL THE BROWNIE BUNGALOWS
ARE MADE OF PANCAKES BROWN.



But on the pickets caught her skirt, and down she went
ker-thump!—Jane Brownie's New Dress.



Contents

	Page
The Brownie Twins and Their Airplane.....	11
The Brownies at the Circus.....	17
Polly Brownie Fools the Cat.....	24
Jane Brownie's New Dress.....	38
Tommy Brownie Goes Camping.....	46
Grandmother Brownie Goes to Market.....	55
The Brownies' Thanksgiving.....	61
Susie Brownie's Easter Flowers.....	68
The Brownies' Hallowe'en.....	75
Pancake Town in Winter Time.....	84
The Brownies' Picnic.....	89





List of Full Page Illustrations

	Page
But on the Pickets Caught Her Skirt and Down She Went Ker-thump!.....	6
What Could Be On His Back?.....	10
A Giant Toadstool Makes a Tent.....	19
Father Brownie Fished and Fished.....	33
A Minnow Large Came Swimming By.....	35
Who, Who, Who, Who Are You?.....	53
She Started Out to Pancake Market.....	57
At Two O'clock the Feast Was Spread.....	65
From Stone to Stone Across the Brook She Jumped....	71
Sue Tried to Ring the Doorbell.....	79
The Brownie Children Like to Skate and Slide.....	87
When Everything Is Ready It All Looks Very Fine....	93

The Pancake Brownies



They stole on tiptoe down the stairs and out the pancake door, and hand in hand ran down the street to Uncle Brownie's store. That jolly man gave each a cake and said, "Now there's the bell! Hurry to school, do as you should, and learn your lessons well."

But Johnny Brownie winked his eye and Sally Brownie too. Let others go to school, but they knew nicer things to do.

The twins quite merrily ran off and it was not toward school; they crossed the fields until they reached a certain shining pool. Shoes and stockings

The Twins and Their Airplane

soon were off, they splashed about with glee, until as they were growing tired, said Johnny Boy, "Oh, see! An airplane, Sally, just for us. Now we can have some fun." "Oh, John," said Sally, "could we ride? How does the engine run?"

A Butterfly, a gorgeous one, with wings of blue and black, lit on a cow-slip near the twins, they climbed up on his back. And there they sat quite scared but thrilled, pretending they could ride, that this was a great airplane with an engine large inside. The Butterfly drank all he wished

The Pancake Brownies

from out the cowslip's cup, then gracefully he moved his wings and toward the sky moved up!

The Brownie Twins hung on in fright as over trees they flew. Oh, dear, they wished they were in school, whatever should they do? The Butterfly was puzzled too, what could be on his back? It felt as big and heavy as Santa Claus's pack! He tried in vain to shake the load, turned cartwheels in the air, flew upside down and down-side up—he gave the twins Some Scare.

“Oh dear,” sobbed Sally Brownie,

The Twins and Their Airplane



“How I wish I were in school.”

“how I wish I were in school, I’d be so good and study hard and try to keep each rule.” “And so would I,” said Johnny, as the airplane took a swoop, “Oh, Sally, can’t we stop this thing before we loop the loop?”

The frightened Butterfly, poor

The Pancake Brownies

thing, was growing tired and weak when he saw an open window and flew toward it like a streak. Another minute, he was in, a resting place at last! He heaved a sigh and drooped his wings and to a chair clung fast. Sally and Johnny Brownie slid off his back pell mell. They were in their dear old SCHOOL ROOM AND WITH JOY STOOD UP TO SPELL!



THE BROWNIES AT THE CIRCUS



Grandfather Brownie, dear old man, has grown quite lame of late, for he is old and needs a cane, his age is ten times eight! And yet his heart is merry still, upon his face a smile, as his cane goes tapping down the street

The Pancake Brownies



in just the happiest style. It plays a tune that tap, tap, tap, the children love to hear. It seems to say “Now we’ll have fun for Grandfather Brownie’s near!”

He joins the children in their games, and tells them stories wild, of bears and Indians and all such tales as please a child. But when the circus comes to town, oh, that’s a glorious day, for Grandfather Brownie says, “Come on, there’ll be no school today. We children all must see the show and school books do not matter.” He lines them up and leads the way, his cane



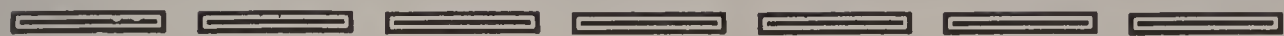
A giant toadstool makes a tent.

The Pancake Brownies

goes pitter patter. The Brownie children dance with glee as down the street they go, when Grandfather Brownie is along they'll have great fun they know.

Down in the meadow near the woods, that border Pancake Town, a giant toadstool makes a tent, for animals and clown. The greatest show on earth it is, the Brownie People think, with popcorn balls, and toy balloons, and lemonade to drink. The crickets play a merry tune, the circus band are they; the animals then march around, a queer clown leads

The Brownies at the Circus



And on a grasshopper he sat.

the way! for he is just a Brownie
Clown, and on a grasshopper he sat!
He rolls and jumps, turns somersaults,
and all such tricks as that.

Behind him m a r c h the animals,
(but not the big kind we see, when
we go to the circus; how small these

The Pancake Brownies

seem to be). Yet to the Brownie children, they seem quite fierce and big, and how they clap and laugh to see a beetle dance a jig!

A spider swings upon a rope, it looks as if he'd fall, but up he goes clear to the top and is not scared at all. The Brownie Children watch with awe, the Boa Constrictor squirm, but all big folks would see at once it was just an angle worm. The grass hopper, in suit of green, jumped from a daisy's back, while a pretty little fire-fly, rode bareback on an ant.

The children all had toy balloons,

The Brownies at the Circus

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just dandelions grown old, and from the golden buttercups, they drank the dew drops cold. Of course they thought it lemonade, and said it tasted good, and tried to sip it daintily as all good children should.

When at last the show was over back to Pancake Town they went, each Brownie Child was sure that he, a lovely day had spent, and they thanked their Grandfather Brownie, who laughed and shook his head. "Why bless your hearts, I had THE NICEST TIME OF ALL," he said.



Polly Brownie Fools the Cat

Poll Brownie is the Parrot, a queer old bird is he. He can talk and laugh and whistle almost any melody. The Brownie Children love him and have taught him how to call, "Polly, Polly wants a cracker. Look out there, Poll will fall!" Then down he'll slip from off his perch and lie as if quite dead, then wink one eye and laugh, Ho, Ho, and gaily shake his head. He fools 'most everybody by imitating sound: he will say meow, until they're sure

Polly Brownie Fools the Cat

that kitty is around. He will squeak and squeak just like a mouse and often fools the cat, who creeps around so still then finds, there is no mouse and that old Poll is laughing “Ho, ho, ho, to think I fooled you so! You stupid cat, you’re old enough a mouse’s squeak to know.” It makes the cat feel so ashamed, he slinks behind a chair and wishes Poll was small enough for him to chase and scare.

The Brownie Children wanted old Poll to say “Bow wow” but he simply would not try it though they tried to teach him how. He would shut his

The Pancake Brownies

eyes and yawn and yawn, and not one word would say, so the children growing tired, at last would go away. And even when they tried to coax or bribe him with a cake, he would ruffle up his feathers and his wise old head would shake.

High in the corner by the porch, two wrens had built a nest. Of all the friends Poll Brownie had, he loved those two the best. They were such friendly little birds, in shining coats of brown. They would tell old Poll the gossip of the birds in Pancake Town. Poll liked their merry chatter,

Polly Brownie Fools the Cat



They were such friendly little birds.

the quiet way they dressed; but best of all he liked their baby wrens up in the nest! He watched those babies learn to fly, their little wings grow stronger, and knew the babies would not stay within the nest much longer. And sure enough, one day he saw one

The Pancake Brownies

baby fly away to hunt for bugs and insects in the garden 'cross the way.

But what did Polly see just then, come stealing from the house? It was the cat out hunting, and not for any mouse! She had her eye upon that bird, "A wren, a feast," thought she. While Polly Brownie was frightened. "What can I do?" said he. And then he thought, and quick as scat, began to growl, "Bow Wow." The words the children taught him, he was glad to say them now. He growled and barked like any dog, he scared that old gray cat, who thought there must be

Polly Brownie Fools the Cat

TWENTY dogs to make a noise like that.

The baby wren flew back again to stay by mother's side; the cat ran off to Pancake Barn and found a place to hide. While Polly Brownie proudly said, "I am a wise old bird. I think that was the fiercest bark that cat has ever heard!"





The Brownies Go Fishing

Father Brownie loves to fish, and in the summer time he often says, “Oh, what a day! I’ll get my rod and line. Come children, go and dig some bait, I’ll need a lot today; the one who fills this pail for me I will a nickel pay. Come, Mother Brownie, pack my lunch. I’ll bring you home such fish, as you have never seen before, to fill your largest dish.”

Mother Brownie smiles and says,

The Brownies Go Fishing

“I’ve heard such tales before, but if you do not catch a fish, why buy one at the store.” Father Brownie shakes his head and says, “Just wait and see. Very likely I may catch a whale, then how surprised you’ll be.”

Taking Sam and Peter with him, which delighted both the boys, who would rather go afishing than to have the best of toys, they proudly walked through Pancake Town until they reached the brook, which was made of Maple Syrup! They put bait upon their hooks, and climbed into their rowboat, which was just a peapod

The Pancake Brownies



green. Then off they rowed, the queerest fishing party ever seen.

Peter Brownie does the rowing with tiny sticks for oars, and over head a butterfly, like giant airplane soars. The grasses nod beside the stream, the ferns are palm trees tall, and in the shady pools they hear the fierce old bull frogs call!

At last they reach a quiet pool and drop their anchor down, and hope to catch some big fish to take back to Pancake Town. Peter Brownie caught some tiny little scooters with a net, but Father Brownie fished and

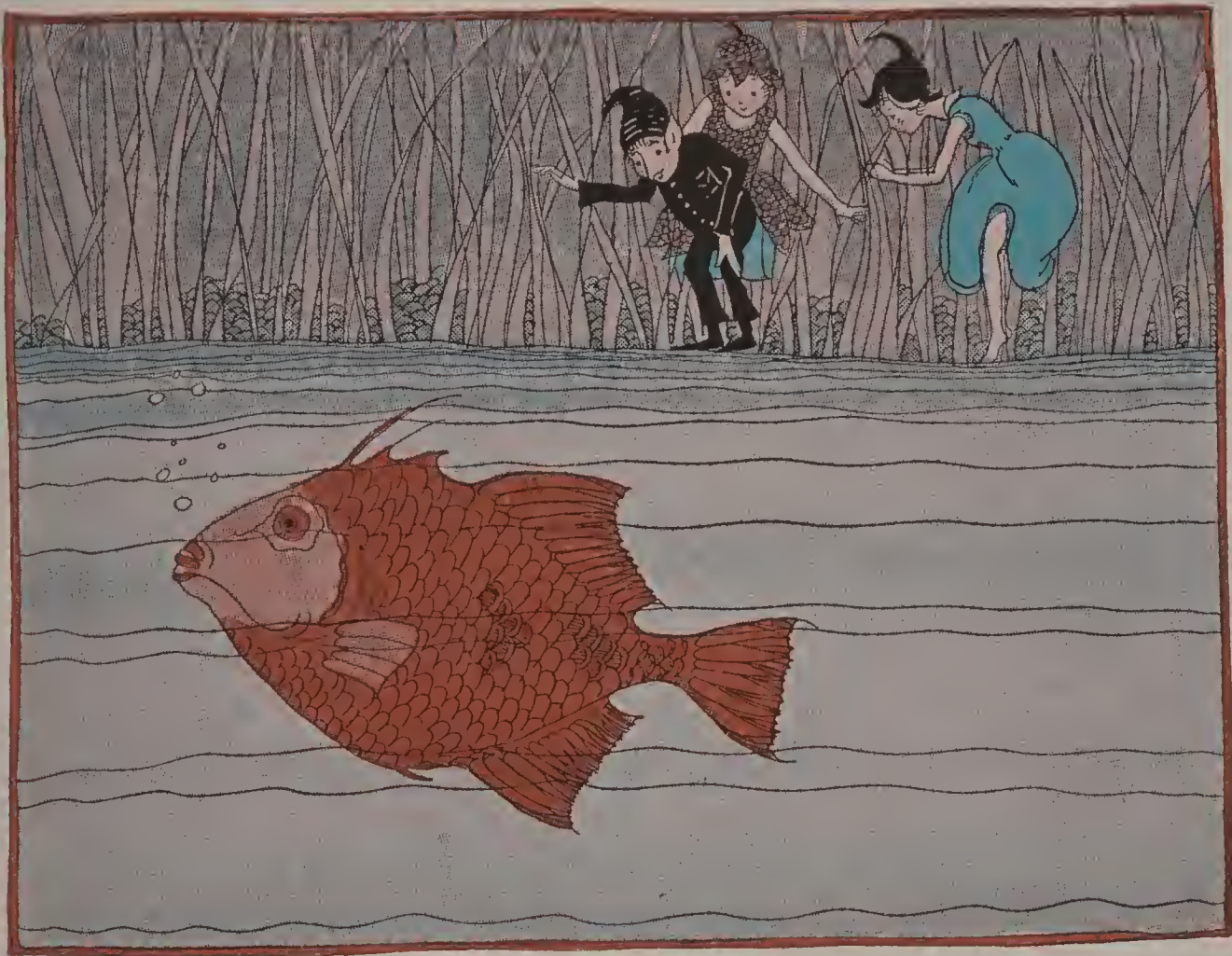


Father Brownie fished and fished.

The Pancake Brownies

fished and not one bite did get. The boys at last were growing tired. "It is no use," they sigh; while Father said, "Good fishermen must try and try and try!"

Just as he spoke, a minnow large with shiny fins and tail, came swimming by—to Brownie folks he looked just like a whale! The minnow saw the bait, "Oh Ho, I've found some food at last." Snap, went his jaws and on the hook that fish was hanging fast. My, he was scared and whirled and tossed and tried to get away, but Father Brownie held the rod (how it



A large fish came swimming by.

The Pancake Brownies

did bend and sway); then down the Maple Syrup stream the fish dashed here and there, and after him, he dragged the boat. He gave those folks some scare! For peapod boats are very light and easily upset. "Oh Dear," cried Peter, "I'll be glad on nice dry land to get."

But pretty soon the fish grew tired and felt that he must stop. Upon a sandy, sunny beach, my, how he longed to flop! Just then he saw a little cove, he gave a mighty swish, and there they were upon the shore, the Brownies, Boat, and Fish!

The Brownies Go Fishing

Peter and Sam were oh, so glad; and Father Brownie too, said “Fishing such as that, my boys, I do not care to do. It’s sport to joke of catching whales, but if you’re out for fun, and wish to fish in comfort try to catch a **SMALLER ONE!**”





Jane Brownie's New Dress

Jane Brownie was a pretty child with lovely golden curls, and her dresses were the envy of the other little girls. But since the child is eight years old, and taller, taller grows, her mother finds it difficult to keep Miss Jane in clothes. She sews so hard and makes a dress that's very sure to please; when soon, to her surprise, 'twill be way up above Jane's knees.

One day, in spring, Jane's mother said, "It will be summer soon, and

Jane Brownie's New Dress

Jane has not a thing to wear! We'll go this afternoon, and shop in all the Brownie Stores and see the styles they show, then buy some good material, and I will start to sew. The boys all need some summer suits, and it is very plain to see that I must get to work and make new clothes for Jane. The way that child is growing tall is strange." Father said, "How would it do to make for her a rubber dress instead?"

The dry goods stores in Pancake Town were very good indeed, with counters full of all the things the

The Pancake Brownies

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Brownie People need. There were stockings, handkerchiefs, and gloves, and useful things like these, while upstairs there were coats and hats that would the fancy please.

Jane Brownie and her mother shopped, and then they shopped some more; they had a pile of packages to carry from the store. They saw the dress goods neatly piled upon the Pancake shelf, and mother said that Jane might choose material herself. Yes, any color that she liked and Jane selected blue, and then to trim it daintily, she thought some lace would do.

Jane Brownie's New Dress



Jane held her package proudly, when they went back home again. It would take some time to make the dress, how could she wait? But then, Mother Brownie started sewing very early the next day. She let Jane help with basting for she did not want to play, but sat by Mother sewing feeling very proud indeed. Soon she would learn the way to make the dresses she might need.

Mother Brownie sewed the buttons on, at last the dress was done! Jane thought of all the gowns in town, this was the prettiest one. She would wear

The Pancake Brownies

it first on Sunday, when the children went to see their dear old Grandma Brownie, and were often asked to tea. So when Sunday afternoon came round, Jane dressed herself with care: she blacked her shoes and washed her hands, and neatly combed her hair. Mother Brownie, having much to do, said "You will have to wait. Now children, on the porch sit down and don't go out the gate."

The Brownie children one and all sat meekly in a row, and hoped it wouldn't be too long before 'twas time to go. When "diddle, diddle," what

Jane Brownie's New Dress



Jane dressed herself with care.

was this? An organ grinder man, a monkey small beside him, capered and jumped and ran! The children were excited and Jane, sad to relate, almost forgot what Mother said and started out the gate. The other children

The Pancake Brownies

called her back. "You know what Mother said, we must not go outside the gate." Jane tossed her golden head. "Oh, well, I guess I'll climb the fence for Mother didn't say a thing about the fence, so there." Jane liked to have her way, and though she knew what Mother meant, and knew it wasn't right to climb the fence, she wished to keep the organ man in sight.

So up she climbed upon the fence and gave a great big jump, but on the pickets caught her skirt, and down she went ker-thump! She bumped her head but that was not the worst, as

Jane Brownie's New Dress

anyone might guess! She had sadly torn and ruined her lovely new Blue Dress!

My, how Jane cried while Mother bathed and bandaged up her head and a sorry little girl she was when she was put to bed. And for days she was the saddest little girl in Pancake Town, for of course she had to wear her outgrown dress of faded brown.





Tommy Brownie Goes Camping

There were meadows back of Pancake town and woods and rivers wide, with rocks and little inlets, where pretty fish might hide. The Brownie People did not know how nice it was out there: they seldom went on journeys, a trip for them was rare. They thought there could not be so nice a spot as Pancake Town, so were quite content to stay there. Said Father with a frown, "This traveling business may be right for those who have no

Tommy Brownie Goes Camping

home, but I prefer my fireside, and do not want to roam.”

Now Tommy Brownie, just turned ten, did not feel like that one bit; the world, he knew, was big and round. He'd often dream of it, and wish he had some magic boots to put upon his feet, each step would measure half a mile and any train could beat! He'd go around the world so wide, and look at all the sights,—the toy stores, candy shops and zoo. Imagine such delights!

And Tommy spent so many hours awishing this and that, he did not

The Pancake Brownies

learn his lessons as he should, but sat and sat, until his teacher said, "That boy just wastes his time in school, if he doesn't work I am afraid he will grow up a fool." But Mother Brownie, being wise, just laughed and said, "The scamp! I think the thing to cure him best, will be to let him camp."

So she and Father Brownie put some blankets in a pack, with plate and cup and saucer, Tom could strap upon his back. The boy was so excited, he fairly danced with glee, to think of going camping, and the wondrous sights he'd see. With stick

Tommy Brownie Goes Camping



He started off one sunny, warm, spring day.

in hand, he started off, one sunny warm spring day, across the Maple Syrup brook, where others liked to play. Then down the road which wound and wound away from Pancake Town, he gaily whistled as he walked along, up hill and down.

The Pancake Brownies

At last it seemed he'd walked ten miles, (it really was but three) and Tom sat down to eat his lunch beneath a shady tree. There were great big woods in back of him, a brook was rippling near, so Tom said, "Why go further? To-night I'll camp right here." Taking off his shoes and stockings, he waded in the brook, then by some Pussy Willow trees, he found a cozy nook. He piled some fir tree branches to make himself a bed, and on them spread his blankets. "That looks nice and soft," he said. He just lay down to try it; it was not so soft,

Tommy Brownie Goes Camping

he found, but even so 'twas better than sleeping on the ground.

Tom closed his eyes and fell asleep, and dreamed of Pancake Town. When he awoke 'twas nearly dark, the sun was going down. And all around him in the woods, the squirrels and robins red, were tucking up their babies and putting them to bed. Tom heard the robin's good-night song, he saw the stars come out, and all at once there in the woods the darkness was about. He did not like it quite as well as night in Pancake Town; and all at once from out a tree two **BIG ROUND EYES**

The Pancake Brownies

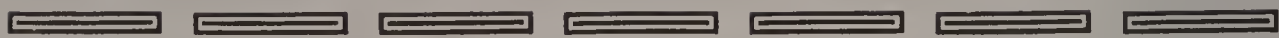
looked down. They saw a tiny little boy with frightened eyes of blue; then came a voice from out the tree,—
“WHO, WHO, WHO, WHO are you?”

Now Tommy Brownie did not know that owls come out at night, he was just a little Brownie boy, whose knees just shook with fright. He left his blankets and his kit, and ran with all his might, along the road to Pancake Town, nor looked to left or right. He reached the Maple Syrup Brook and knew that home was near. Father and Mother, on the porch, had never seemed so dear! Father took Tommy



“Who, Who, Who, Who are you?”

The Pancake Brownies



He ran with all his might.

in his arms and said “There, there, my son! I knew you’d soon be home again, for it is not much fun to go off camping by yourself, and the reason that I know is ’cause I TRIED IT JUST LIKE YOU, OH, MANY YEARS AGO!”



Grandmother Brownie Goes to Market

Grandmother Brownie took a basket and put on her old gray shawl; said she, "I love the children, but 'tis hard to feed them all. Next week will be Thanksgiving Day, I must get ready soon, and bake my pies and bread and cake, and clean the dining room! The table we'll make larger, Grandfather Brownie tends to that, but I must do the marketing. Why, bless me! where's my hat?" At last she found it on the shelf and soon she started out

The Pancake Brownies

to go to Pancake Market. (Now Grandmother Brownie's stout, but she is just the jolliest soul, and has a merry smile, for everyone along the way; she's loved for many a mile.)

The butcher likes to see her come and Tim, the grocer, too. "Sure she's a bunch of sunshine, and no one can feel blue." But Grandmother Brownie's smart at that and no one tries to cheat, she gets the best of groceries, the best of eggs and meat. Behind her big round spectacles her eyes are bright and clear. "Now, Tim, none of that celery; it's not quite fresh I fear."



She started out to go to Pancake Market.

The Pancake Brownies

And Tim says, "Sure, I'll open up another crate for you; and here are nice sweet grapefruit, Mam, and extra large ones too."

When she had bought the meat and fruit, the flour, and things like that, Grandmother ordered for Thanksgiving Day, a Turkey, large and fat! Enough for all the Brownie Folks, both large and small she knew, and then from out her pocketbook, a paper Grandmother drew, and on it was another list of things for her to get. "Here Tim, are other things I want, I'm not quite finished yet.

Grandmother Goes to Market

“I wish some salmon for the cat, a bunch of catnip too; some suet for the birds to eat, I think a pound will do; some crackers for Poll Brownie, please; the friendly squirrels will need some nuts to crack, put in a pound, we have a lot to feed. Some Puppy biscuit for the dog—he begs and sits right up and wags his cunning tail, he is the wisest pup! And then as I came down the street I heard that Mr. Kelly was sick again with rheumatism, just send him up some jelly. Old Dinah White, our laundress, has six children now to feed, for them I’d like some

The Pancake Brownies

cereals, and bread I think they'll need.

"Now then," said Grandmother Brownie, and she smiled a tired smile, "I think I've shopped enough today, to last me for a while. If I find I have forgotten things I'll send good Grandfather down. Good morning, sirs, I think your store, the best in Pancake Town."





The Brownies' Thanksgiving

Thanksgiving Morning Grandmother Brownie woke at half past five. She rubbed her eyes, looked at the clock, exclaiming, "As I'm alive, 'tis time that I was up and dressed, there are many things to do; my turkey must be cleaned and cooked; and pies and pudding too!"

So up she rose, the dear old soul, and tiptoed out the door, so as not to waken Grandfather,—she could hear him snore. She had things in the

The Pancake Brownies

oven before 'twas breakfast time; and Mr. Turk was fixed and stuffed, and oh, that bird looked fine. And when old Dinah came to help there was not much to do, but Grandmother said, "It's better so, I like to know I'm through. Now, Dinah, let's make gingerbread: we might roll out some tarts, to please the Brownie children, they love them, bless their hearts!"

With gingerbread old Dinah made some funny little men, with currant eyes and raisin mouths, and sugar hair, and then she rolled and cut some piecrust into the shape of hearts, and

The Brownies' Thanksgiving



when with jam she filled them, my, they were lovely tarts! She put them in the pantry upon the lowest shelf; and said, "I declare they look so good I'd eat them all myself!"

At twelve o'clock the family came, the Brownies large and small; so many that the Pancake house could hardly hold them all. And Dickie

The Pancake Brownies

Brownie brought his dog, a cunning Brownie Pup, with curly tail and dancing eyes, and ears that stood straight up. The dinner was at two o'clock; said Mother Brownie, "Well, my children, all run out and play until you hear the bell."

To Grandfather Brownie's Pancake Barn they all went off to play, except the Pup and Dickie,—they went another way. That way was to the pantry door to see what they could spy, for Dickie just loved sweet things, and most of all loved pie! Dinah was in the dining room so



At two o'clock the feast was spread.

The Pancake Brownies

did not see the two; as the pantry door was open the dog and boy stole through!

Yum, Yum, the goodies on the shelf made Dickie dance with glee. “Now Mr. Pup, we’ll try a few.” (’Twas naughty as could be, but Dickie didn’t think of that, he only thought of how the tarts would taste and gingerbread! He wanted some right now.) So up he climbed upon a chair so he could reach the shelf, and we surely can imagine how Dickie stuffed himself! He fed the Brownie Puppy too, I’m sorry to relate, the greedy two

The Brownies' Thanksgiving

sat on the floor and ate, and ate, and ate.

At two o'clock the feast was spread, the Brownies large and small gathered in Grandmother's dining room, and very hungry all. They are a merry family and happy as can be. But isn't some one missing? An empty chair I see. Oh, yes, one little boy is sick, a Brownie puppy too, so both are put to bed upstairs. I KNOW WHO IT IS, DON'T YOU?





SUSIE BROWNIE'S EASTER FLOWERS

Sue Brownie was the vainest little girl in Pancake Town,—she had a new plaid dress of silk. 'Twas blue and soft as down, and trimmed with vel-

Susie Brownie's Easter Flowers

vet ribbon, which Mother sewed in rows. It had a nice long sash, and on the shoulders pretty bows. To match the dress, Sue had a hat all trimmed with daisies bright, and when she wore that dress and hat, she thought she was just right!

Now while it may be very nice these pretty clothes to see, it is not good for little girls too vain and proud to be. And Susie, though a pleasant child was vain we must confess, and all she thought about these days, was that new hat and dress!

On Easter Sunday, she had planned

The Pancake Brownies

to go to church with Prue (a little girl who lived next door and often played with Sue). The service was at three o'clock on Easter afternoon, but the girls were dressed and ready about an hour too soon. They wandered up and down the walk and down the Pancake lane; they smoothed their curls and tossed their heads, oh, they were very vain!

“I know,” said Susan, “what to do. Let’s go down by the brook and pick a bunch of violets; how pretty they will look.” So to the Maple Syrup brook they ran and thought it fun, to



From stone to stone across the brook she jumped.

The Pancake Brownies

look for violets on the bank but they could not find one. But in the middle of the brook there was an island round, and Sue was sure big violets could over there be found. To get across the brook she had to jump from stone to stone; said Prue, "I will not try it, you will have to go alone."

Sue took off her shoes and stockings and said, "You just watch me. I will bring the largest violets that you could wish to see." From stone to stone across the brook she jumped; and soon Miss Sue was picking violets by the score. The grass was fairly

Susie Brownie's Easter Flowers

blue with them and soon she had enough and started for the shore. Of course to get back there she had to jump the stones once more.

Right in the middle of the brook one stone was very wet, which made it slippery and hard to stand upon and yet Susie thought that she would be all right and toward it gave a jump. Her feet flew up, and down she went into the brook ker-plump! Of course it was not very deep, she quickly scrambled out; but a wetter, sadder little girl, you'd never find about.

Her hat was wet, her curls were

The Pancake Brownies

straight; and oh, that nice new dress. The velvet ribbon all was spoiled, her hat was just a mess! Did Susie go to church with Prue that Easter afternoon? Instead, she went straight home to Mother Brownie. Very soon, a certain little Brownie girl was safely tucked in bed; “the place to think things over and be sorry,” Mother said.





The Brownies' Hallowe'en

At Hallowe'en the Brownie children liked to get dressed up; they even put an orange bow on Gyp, the Brownie pup. For days and weeks beforehand the children every one had saved their nickels and their dimes: they knew it would be fun, to go down town and shop a bit, when Hallowe'en came round, and see what funny masks and horns and pop-guns could be found.

A Jack-o-lantern seemed to them so

The Pancake Brownies



very large and fat, they were scared to venture near one; and when they saw a bat! They thought it truly was a witch, with great big wings to fly right through the air and with a broom, sweep cobwebs from the sky.

The Brownie children wanted masks, each with a face so funny, such big round eyes, a long thin nose, or ears just like a bunny. Each bought a pop-gun or a horn to make a good loud noise. (And as these little Brownie folks are much like other boys.) The girls bought cloth with which to make themselves some funny

The Brownies' Hallowe'en

clothes,—of course dear Mother Brownie's help they each would need for those. At home once more, they set to work with needles and with thread, and sewed with all their might and main until 'twas time for bed.

Sue Brownie made a funny dress with great big buttons on it, both front and back, and then to match she made a funny bonnet. Jane made a suit just like a clown, with great full pants and ruff, to make herself look fat, in front a pillow she would stuff! Anne Brownie made a fairy dress with tinsel stars of gold, while Prudence

The Pancake Brownies

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dressed up like a witch all bent and gray and old!

When Hallowe'en at last came round, quite ready every one, the Brownie children large and small, were ready for the fun. The boys put on old clothes and tried to make themselves look rough, and with their horns and whistles, they all made noise enough.

As soon as it was fairly dark they thought that they would go and ring the doorbells, every one they found on Pancake Row; then quick as any mouse before the Brownie folks inside



Sue tried to ring the doorbell.

The Pancake Brownies

could ever reach the door, they each would run away and hide! They even went to Grandfather's house to let that dear old man put on his "specs" and try to guess each one. "He never can," said Susan as she led the way, and all the merry troop were very shortly standing on Grandfather Brownie's stoop.

Sue tried to ring the doorbell, but goodness, gracious, me, she found her hands and fingers were sticky as could be. Grandfather Brownie's played a joke and covered it with glue! How all the Brownie children laughed to

The Brownies' Hallowe'en



They had a merry play.

look at sticky Sue! And then the front door opened and a funny man came out dressed like an old hobgoblin; as he quickly looked about. "Come children, get in line," he said. "We're

The Pancake Brownies

going to have some fun.” ’Twas Grandfather Brownie all dressed up, oh, he’s a jolly one!

He marched them to the meadow, where they had a merry play; the moon and stars were out so bright, it almost seemed like day. The children danced until they all were breathless as could be, then Grandfather said, “Boys, you will find a basket by that tree. Go bring it here.” And true enough they did as they were told, and found a great big basket, stuffed as full as it would hold, with nice red apples, popcorn balls, and Grand-

mother's gingerbread. And "didn't it taste good out doors,"—the Brownie children said.

When the basket was quite empty, it was time for home and bed and up the lane a tired troop of children, Grandfather led. Each one would soon be ready to go to sleep and dream about their sport and frolic and a happy Hallowe'en.





PANCAKE TOWN IN WINTER TIME

Pancake Town in winter is a very pretty sight with snow upon the bungalows, like sugar frosting white. And where the Maple Syrup brook in

Pancake Town in Winter Time

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summer sparkles bright, in winter it is frozen up, so any moonlight night, the grown-up Brownie People may be seen upon the ice with cheeks aglow, for ice and snow make winter sports so nice.

The Brownie children like to skate and slide and snowball too, and so each one can hardly wait his lessons to be through, when he can run down to the pond or go and get his sled to slide on good old TAFFY HILL. There's Tom and Dick and Ned, and all the other boys and girls. They are a merry crew, who laugh and play and

The Pancake Brownies

have good times the chilly winter through.

Sometimes they harness Gyp, the pup, and make him draw the sleigh until one day while driving him, they had a runaway! For Gyp just chanced to see a cat and thought it would be fun to chase her down the street and see how fast a cat could run. So off he started with a growl, of course the cat ran too; the children tried to hold Gyp back, but little could they do.

They had a merry, merry chase across the fields and lane; but Gyp could not get near the cat, he tried



The Brownies like to skate and slide.

The Pancake Brownies

with might and main! The Brownie's sleigh swayed all around and bumped, as one might know; the children one by one fell off into the soft white snow. They were not hurt a single bit, in fact they thought it fun, and Gyp found out that it is hard to draw a sleigh and run.

Of course he didn't catch the cat, she just ran in the barn, and cuddled in the soft warm hay, where she was safe from harm. The Brownie children laughed at Gyp while he said, "Bow, wow, wow, wow, it's hard to do two things at once, you surely must allow!"





The Brownies' Picnic

The Picnic Grounds in Pancake Town are down beside the brook, where in amidst a group of ferns, there is a shady nook with tiny toad stool tables and dainty little chairs, Father Brownie made from petals of soft green maiden-hairs. The green moss makes a carpet that is fit for any queen; indeed this picnic ground is quite the nicest ever seen.

On Saturdays, in summer, when the days are warm and bright, Mother

The Pancake Brownies

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Brownie often says, "We will go picnicking to-night." The children are delighted so each one tries his best, to help her get things ready, the baskets, and the rest. There are sandwiches, and hard boiled eggs, and cookies, cake and milk; they pack it oh, so carefully, so not a drop is spilt.

When all is ready, off they go to Maple Syrup Brook, you can tell how much they like it, by the happy way they look. The children go in wading and say it's fine and cool, while Father Brownie fishes in a quiet little pool. Mother Brownie sets the table with

The Brownies' Picnic



Each one tries his best to help.

dishes wee and white, for lily-of-the-valley cups she finds will be just right, to hold the milk (for children dear, there's nothing quite so good) and from such cunning cups as these they will drink all they should. For plates

The Pancake Brownies



she uses tiny shells so clean and white and round, while for a dainty table-cloth, some Queen Anne's Lace is found.

When everything is ready, it all looks very fine, and Mother settles down to rest and read till supper time. If Father Brownie's lucky and should chance to catch a fish, he will build a fire and cook it in a tiny acorn dish.

The children wade and splash about and have a merry play, and some of them on thistle stalks will gaily swing and sway. Some milk weed pods are dainty boats in which to take a row;



When everything is ready it all looks very fine.

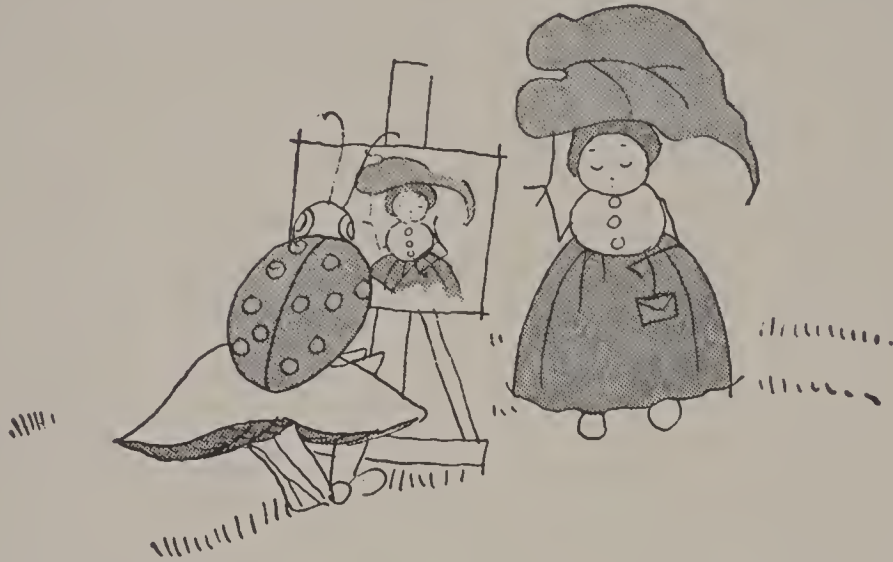
The Pancake Brownies



but the little Brownie children are not allowed to go; that sport is for the older ones, the younger ones must stay in close to shore until they learn to swim and dive some day.

Mother calls them in to supper when six o'clock comes round, no happier crowd of children in Pancake Town is found. They are hungry, tired and dirty, but what fun they each have had, and Mother pats them lovingly and says that she is glad to have such happy boys and girls and now they each must eat as daintily as if at home and try to be as neat.

The Brownies' Picnic



No crusts of bread or apple skins, or cans are thrown around; when supper time is over, the boys look on the ground, for any scraps of paper, they collect it every bit till all is neat and spic and span and then they're proud of it.

“It is nice to have a picnic place,” said Mother Brownie dear, “that is

The Pancake Brownies

beautiful with flowers and ferns and moss, like this one here; it is nice to have just all the fun you children can, but then, it is best to clean up neatly so 'tis nice to come again!"

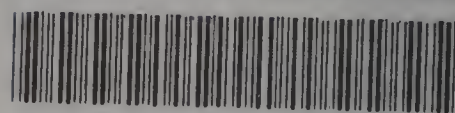
Now if the little Brownie folks are wise to say and do, I'm sure that folks like YOU and ME could try to do it too.







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